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James Lorimer Graham, Jr. 1894.

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JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, JR.

January 17th, 1894.



cover

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January 17th, 1894.





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January 17th, 1894.

THE CENTURY ASSOCIATION.

1894.

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## JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, JR.

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On the evening of Saturday, January 17th, 1894, a meeting was held of the Century Association in memory of the late James Lorimer Graham, and in recognition of his gift of his Library.

Mr. Parke Godwin, of the Committee on Literature, presided, and introduced Mr. James M. Varnum, who read the following biographical sketch of Mr. GRAHAM:

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, Jr., more familiarly known to his friends, and especially to the Centurions of his time, as "Lorrie" Graham, was born in New York City in 1831.

His father, Gen. Nathan B. Graham, belonged to a prominent New York family, and his mother, Marie Antoinette McCoskry, came of good old Scotch stock. Her uncle, Robert McCoskry, was one of the founders and the first President of the Chemical Bank, and was as "canny" as the best of his race; for to his rare financial ability was associated a keen sense of humor; and he had a great fondness for singing Scotch songs, and when so engaged, his round plump figure, short curling hair, and the waving red silk handkerchief with which he accentuated every movement, made him one of the prominent and salient features of the New York of that day. His niece, Mrs. Graham, did not live long enough to see her

five children grow up into manhood and womanhood, although Lorrie, the second son, had nearly arrived at man's estate when she died.

Lorrie was educated in New York until he was about sixteen, and was then sent to Amiens, France, to complete his education. There he lived for some years with a cousin who had married a French gentleman of position and prominence, pursuing his studies; and afterwards spent some time in Paris in completing his education.

During his sojourn abroad he became a proficient French scholar, and retained all his life his fluency and perfect accent, so rare to any foreigner, and was often mistaken for a Frenchman.

His features were of the purest Latin type, the nose exquisitely modelled, and the lines of the mouth almost perfect.

He was in fact an "intellectually" handsome man, rather poetic in appearance, of good height and figure, and most charming manners. He early evinced the literary and artistic tastes which controlled and governed his whole career, loving the literature and art of France and England as well as of his own country with all the ardor of a young enthusiast — an enthusiasm very lacking in our own times.

He soon opened a correspondence with the great men of that day who had attracted him so strongly; and the kindly answers he received resulted in a large and exceptionally remarkable collection of autograph letters, which he had bound and inlaid in several large and beautiful volumes. This valuable collection was unfortunately lost on the occasion of

his shipwreck upon a voyage which he made from New York to San Francisco soon after his return to America, on the first steamship which attempted to make the trip.

The ship belonged to the old shipping house of Howland & Aspinwall, with whom Graham was then enrolled as a clerk. He and one of the younger Aspinwalls were the only passengers in the cabin; but the ship carried many emigrants; and when it was wrecked, the passengers were picked up by different sailing vessels, and carried off to various ports; so that many weeks elapsed after the loss of the ship was reported before Lorrie appeared once more at his father's home in New York, emaciated from illness, starvation and exposure, and having saved nothing but the clothes on his back, and one beautiful opal stud, which still glistened on his dilapidated shirt front.

The rest of his life was uneventful, except in those richest of all experiences, friendships with men of ability and culture; for the literary men and artists of his time, both at home and abroad, were all his warm personal friends.

He married comparatively early in life, Josephine, the daughter of Mr. Thomas Garner, a wealthy merchant of New York, a charming and attractive woman and a devoted wife, who during the many years that they were together, and until his death, was a friend and helpmate in the best sense of the term; and who made his friends hers, and caused them to feel that they were ever welcomed and honored guests in her house.

It is almost needless to say that such a man early became a member of The Century, and that during all of his life, while he was in this country, he was a constant *habitué* of the Club, the friend of all his fellow members, and ever by his kindness, his love of literature and art, and his witty and brilliant conversation, welcomed by all as a charming companion and a prince of good fellows.

When Graham died, he left the library and collections which he had gathered together with so much care and loving enthusiasm to this beloved and devoted wife, but with the intimated desire and longing, that after her death, rather than go to strangers, it should be bequeathed by her to his old love, to the home of his best friends—to that American cradle of literature and art; The Century Association of New York.

And when a little more than a year and a half ago this charming woman passed away, she provided by her will that the wish of Lorrie Graham should be carried out, and the library should find its final lodgment in the house of his friends, amongst those who knew and loved him so well.

This explanation may answer the question which has been frequently propounded: Why, when Mr. Graham died in 1876, his library should only at this late time come as a bequest to this Club.

But to return to Mr. Graham in his prime, when in the possession of full health and vigor, of boundless enthusiasm for literature and art, and with a heart full of love and affection for the worshippers at their shrines. He delighted in their presence and

society, and in the graceful hospitality of his charming wife.

This youthful Mæcenas of our times, rich in this world's goods, but regarding them as but dross compared with the richness of talent and intellect, which he worshipped above all, was indeed an exceptional character in our city and our nation.

One of the most distinguished of his literary friends, who is with us to-night, is reported, at a dinner of literary and kindred spirits not long ago, to have offered the following toast to the memory of Lorrie Graham:

“Here's to Graham ! Let us keep his memory green; for when we poor fellows lived on hard tack all the week, we knew that there were always champagne and oysters for us at Graham's whenever we chose to go there.”

It was not only that his walls were covered with the pictures of the young and struggling artists which he had bought, or that he delighted in entertaining and aiding the literary or artistic men of his time; but he was a cultured, appreciative and brilliant host, not the least distinguished amongst the bright galaxy that surrounded him.

Later in life, having gone to Italy for a time, Mr. Graham was appointed the United States Consul General at Florence; and there, first at the Casa Guidi, celebrated by the Brownings, afterwards in the Palazzo Orsini, and finally in their own handsome hotel in the Via Manzoni, he and his wife dispensed their magnificent hospitality to the princes of church and of state, of literature and of art, until



his death in 1876. And of all the most welcome were their friends from their own beloved country, and especially their literary and artistic friends, as many of those present to-night will lovingly testify.

The books which have been bequeathed to this Association are the results of all those years of literary culture and companionship, gathered lovingly from his boyhood, and onward through his life; for he always delighted in the rare and the beautiful, and appreciated them with that inward sense so highly cultivated by the circumstances of his life. They tell to kindred souls the history of an artistic and loving spirit.

Amongst these books is one which will give you who knew him not a fair idea of what manner of man Lorrie Graham was, for by a man's friends you can fairly judge him.

It is an autograph book, and is entitled: "Ye Booke of ye Goode Fellowes." And the scope and purpose is attractively set forth on the first page in the following charming verses by our friend and fellow Centurion, Mr. Stoddard, as follows:

" Every book must have a name,  
     Meaning much or meaning little ;  
 This of course must have the same :  
     Let me see,—  
     What shall it be ?  
 I have hit it, to a tittle :  
 (Fellow authors be not jealous,)  
 'Tis ' Ye Booke of ye Goode Fellowes.'

Not a man shall figure here,  
 (Soon you'll see a score appear,)  
 Be his talent what it will,  
 With the pencil, or the quill,  
 Old or young, or crude or mellow,  
 An he be not a good fellow !

Turn the leaves, and you will see  
 Such a goodly company :—  
 Poets, with their careless lines,  
 (Made beforehand every one !)  
 Artists, with their quaint designs,  
 Future pictures here begun ;  
 Critics, (spare me, dreadful men!)—  
 Masters of the Brush and Pen.  
 Some are famous now, and some  
 Will be in the years to come ;  
 (Poets can the future tell us,)  
 And all—the very best good fellows.”

As illustrative of the “good fellows” who afterwards wrote in this book, and who were numbered amongst Lorrie Graham’s friends, permit me to name the following, merely a selection from among the litterateurs, artists and statesmen whose names are therein inscribed.

Amongst the painters and sculptors: Kensett, Church, Gignoux, Gifford, Leutze, Cranch, Eastman Johnson, Holman Hunt, Hiram Powers, Cranch, Boughton, Darley, Bierstadt, Meade, Huntington, Couture, Yewell, Ball, McEntee, Launt Thompson, and many others.

Amongst writers in prose and verse: Bayard Taylor, Bancroft, Baker, Lord Houghton, Longfellow, Leland, Bristed, Geo. P. Marsh, Robert Browning,

Trollope, R. H. Stoddard, Stedman, Swinburne, Procter, Buchanan Read, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and many others.

And amongst actors, statesmen and men of affairs, and those otherwise distinguished: Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Worden, McClellan, Cardinal McCloskey, Charlotte Cushman, and Edwin Booth.

I feel that I cannot better illustrate the regard in which Mr. Graham was held than by quoting the following from a letter just received by me from our compatriot, George H. Boughton, the painter, whose reputation as an artist abroad, as well as here, is of the highest. It is dated London, December 12th:

“My very dear and good old friend, Jas. Lorimer Graham, was to me, as a young and struggling artist, a sort of Deputy Providence. When Providence itself seemed to be carelessly looking after what seemed to my youthful mind as ‘minor matters,’ Lorrie was not only *there*, but *all there*, to see that I, for one, did not become the prey of black despair for want of either moral or material light or sweetness (or coin of the realm). I remember I did not so much love him on the principle of ‘If he be not kind to *me*, what care I *how* kind he be!’ But rather that he seemed to *radiate* kindness and graceful good fellowship all about him. He appeared to draw to him by the rare gift of personal magnetism all of the best of human sympathy. The love of those who loved him for the love, that was the light of his life. His love was his religion, and his hate was only for one thing, meanness. Narrowness he

disliked; but he could tolerate it when confused with an idea of 'exclusiveness.' This he merely looked on as a disease. My memories and experiences of Lorrie are so many, and varied and personally intimate, that I hesitate to parade the latter, and have no pardonable time to inflict you with the former.

"I may simplify by saying that when the days were darkest and most hopeless, he came like the 'Little god from the clouds,' and so charmingly and gracefully, and *unpatronizingly*, and as the darkey hymn says, 'Jest rolled dem clouds *away!*'

"You will, I am sure, knowing him, believe me, and almost fancy you saw how he did it.

"Lorrie was a born practical joker, and his kindest acts partook of this light side of his nature. Sometimes the joke was not so very practical; but the kind object and outcome of it never failed to be a welcome success. I owe to Lorrie Graham some of the brightest and best memories of my life. If I went into detail, I should need more space than you could spare me.

"Among his books given to the Club may be his 'Book of Good Fellows.' In that you will see a bit of a parody by me, a faint hint of what I thought of him then. And since then you will believe me the light has not been dimmed about his memory.

"I am intensely glad that he has left his bookish treasures to the dear old Century Club. Lovely books were his soul's delight, and my (quite uncalled for, I'm sure) prayer is, that they may love and treasure and enjoy them for his sake, and practically forever."

It seems particularly appropriate that this lover of art and of artists, of poetry and of poets, of literature and of writers, should have ended his life in a country renowned as the cradle of literature and art. It was in "Firenze la Bella," by the banks of the swift flowing Arno, and beneath the sunny skies of Italy, that our friend passed away.

He died in a foreign clime, far away from most of those who loved him so well, but the deep waves of the Ocean sang his dirge, and their spray was cast upon our hearts.

\* \* \* \* \*

I will conclude by reading the lines, written in his memory by the well-known English poet, Algernon Charles Swinburne.

#### EPICEDÉ

In memory of JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, Jr., who died at  
Florence, April 30th, 1876,

BY

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

#### I.

Life may give for love to death  
Little ; what are life's gifts worth  
To the dead, wrapt round with earth ?  
Yet from lips of living breath  
Sighs or words we are fain to give,  
All that yet, while yet we live,  
Life may give for love to death.

13

II.

Dead so long before his day,  
Passed out of the Italian sun  
To the dark where all is done,  
Fallen upon the verge of May ;  
Here at life's and April's end  
How should song salute my friend .  
Dead so long before his day ?

III.

Not a kindlier life or sweeter  
Time, that lights and quenches men,  
Now may quench or light again,  
Mingling with the mystic metre,  
Woven of all men's lives with his,  
Not a cleaner note than this,  
Not a kindlier life or sweeter.

IV.

In this heavenliest part of earth  
He that living loved the light,  
Light and song, may rest aright,  
One in death, if strange in birth,  
With the deathless dead that make  
Life the lovelier for their sake  
In this heavenliest part of earth.

V.

Light and song sleep at last ;  
Struggling hands and suppliant knees  
Get no goodlier gift than these :  
Song that holds remembrance fast,  
Light that lightens death, attend  
Round their graves who have to friend  
Light and song and sleep at last.

Mr. Paul Leicester Ford then read a paper on the Graham Library and its characteristic features:

### THE JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM LIBRARY.

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A library of books, it seems to me, takes from its owner a strong flavor of his personality. As one can judge a man by the house he lives in, or by the clothes he wears, so it is impossible for any one to bring together a thousand volumes without leaving such marked indications of his individuality, as to furnish many clues by which to judge his character and tastes. The differences between a library bought by the yard to fill a certain length of book shelves, in the library which no ambitiously built house is now considered complete without, and one which has been brought together, book by book, till it overflows the shelves into closets and other out-of-the-way nooks, are as typically distinct as are the differences between a house furnished, or more properly speaking, run in a mould, by a professional decorator, and that furnished bit by bit, with the taste of the owner. A scholar's books tell the story of his life work. A reader's library displays his mental taste. A bibliomaniac's gatherings lay bare his passion. A collection of paper-covered novels indicates the froth. So, too, the relative proportions of subjects to each other may be made to tell a story of their owner. A glance round the library will show which books are read and which neglected. The

very arrangement, which perhaps sticks Addison on the top shelf, and Ouida within reach, is worth an hour's talk on literature with the owner, so far as his true taste goes. Even the condition of the books tells us something—a book still uncut, or with only the first few leaves acquainted with the paper-knife; styles of binding; the very dust on some—are clues as strong to the book lover, as the drop of blood is to the detective. It always pleases me when I am among books I am familiar with, to take them down from the shelves and see where they open. In an Englishman's travels in this country he speaks of a certain New York club where only two books showed the slightest use, and these were worn out of their covers; they were the Dictionary and Burke's Peerage! This is perhaps the briefest epitome of the club in question that could be framed.

So it has seemed to me, that in the hours I have spent among Mr. Graham's former companions, his books, I have come to know much about him. I have found to what his mind tended when alone. I have learned the countries he has visited; even the book-shops he browsed in. From the many presentation copies I have learned who were his friends: learned so much of him that, though but six months ago his name was unfamiliar to me, I feel safe in saying that he was a man whose friendship could have been nothing but a pleasure to whoever possessed it.

To attempt to make an adequate report on the four thousand volumes which a rough estimate of the Graham library indicates, is of course impossible,



and I shall therefore confine myself to a very cursory survey of them.

A well-known author wrote that "a man should know everything about something, and something about everything." Within limits, the Graham library seems to have been formed for this purpose. Its chief strength is in the class variously described as "true literature" or "belles lettres;" and which as yet has no distinctively satisfactory name, unless it be Charles Lamb's description of them as "the books no gentleman's library should be without." Very few people have learned that there are good books and clever books and bad books and dull books, to the point of excluding the latter from their libraries, just as they would exclude bad or dull individuals from their society. They believe with Burns that "a book's a book for a' that." But a great author has said, "In literature I am fond of confining myself to the best things." In fact there are the four hundred among books as there are among men, and like the four hundred, there are about five thousand of them.

This aristocracy of literature forms about four-fifths of the Graham library. The Greek and Roman classics; the best in French, German, Italian, and Spanish literature; the standards of English and American books are all here, usually in good editions, and well bound. But Mr. Graham was too much of a book-lover to limit his gatherings to standard editions. Among the rows of Shakespeare, Addison, Swift, Smollett, Johnson, Scott, Thackeray and Eliot, in their handsome leather and gilt bindings, here and there is some little volume

in old brown leather, with leaves scarcely less brown, or some thin pamphlet in old blue paper covers, which in rarity and value far exceeds the handsomer works. A first bantling of a great author—a straw as it were, thrown out to see if the wind of fame blew towards him—first editions of books that have had a hundred since. Here are *editio princeps* of old John Donne's *Juvenilia*, London: 1633; and his *Poems*, London: 1650; Massinger's *Great Duke*, London: 1636; Thomas Randolph's *Poems*, London: 1638; Lord Brooke's *Certaine Learned and Elegant Workes*, London: 1633; Edward Waller's *Poems*, London: 1645; John Suckling's *Aglaura*, London: 1646; Richard Crashaw's *Steps to the Temple*, London: 1646; Lovelace's *Lucasta*, London: 1649; Davenant's *Gondibert*, London: 1651; Cowley's *Poems*, London: 1656; Milton's *Paradise Lost*, London: 1669; Thomas Flatman's *Poems and Songs*, London: 1674; besides rare early editions of Harington's *Orlando Furioso*, London: 1634; Vaughan, Hobbes, De Foe, John Cleaveland, Thomas Carew, and others.

Of a later period the books specially worth noting are Tonson's beautiful edition of Addison's *Works*; the first edition of James McPherson's *Fingal*, and the first edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

The larger part of the rarities, however, are in the first editions of the English writers of the early part of this century. There is a beautiful copy of Scott's first literary attempt, a translation of Bürger's *The Chase*, printed in Edinburgh in 1796, of which Scott himself wrote, "My adventure proved a dead loss,

and a great part of the edition was condemned to the service of a trunk-maker." This copy is doubly interesting, too, because of a presentation inscription to George Chalmers, in Scott's handwriting. Here is the first publication of Byron, or, as the title announced him, "George Gordon, Lord Byron, a minor." It was these two little duodecimo volumes, printed in Newark in 1807, which Lord Brougham so mercilessly thrashed to tatters in the *Edinburgh Review*, writing that: "His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level than if they were so much stagnant water . . . . We counsel him that he do forthwith abandon poetry and turn his talents to better account." And this review in turn produced Byron's famous *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. Besides this first edition, there are the first pamphlet editions of Byron's *Manfred*, and *Werner*, both far from common. Of Coleridge there are the first and second editions of his *Poems*; *The Statesman's Manual*, with an autograph presentation from him; *Christabel*; and *Zapolya*. Of Southey, there is the first edition of his poems, printed in 1795. Of Hogg, a copy of *His Pilgrims of the Sun*, with a presentation note in his handwriting. Of Keats, his *Poems*, 1817; and his *Lamia*, 1820, the latter most rare. Of Shelley, his *Laon and Cythna*, 1818, promptly suppressed by the author; and the *Revolt of Islam*, 1818, which is the same, as he reissued it; as well as *The Cenci*, 1819, and his *Rosalind and Helen*, of the same date. Of Moore, his *Gertrude of Wyoming* and his *Sonnets*. Of Lamb, there are his *John*

*Woodvil*, 1802; his *Tales from Shakespeare*, 1807; his *Works*, 1818, with an autograph presentation from him; and finally a copy of his rare *Specimens of English Dramatic Poetry*, London: 1808, which deserves special notice. It was given by Lamb to Procter, who in turn gave it to Leigh Hunt. Hunt gave it to Webb, from whom it passed into the possession of Alexander Smith, who presented it to Mr. Graham; all which peregrinations are recorded on the fly-leaf in the respective autographs of these persons. But this did not end the book's apparent travels; for, according to the further autograph inscriptions, Mr. Graham presented it to Bayard Taylor, Taylor in turn to Stedman, Stedman to Aldrich, Aldrich to N. P. Willis, Willis to Tuckerman, Tuckerman to Bryant, and Bryant to Halleck. In addition, Swinburne, Lord Houghton and Joaquin Miller added their names also, making a galaxy of autographs truly appropriate to the volume.

Turning from English to American literature, we find fewer distinct rarities. George Bancroft's *Poems*, 1823, a presentation copy from the author, is a book not easy to find. Longfellow's *Estray*, and *Belfrey of Bruges*, are rare books. A unique volume is Poe's *Poems*, 1845, with corrections for the printer for a new edition, in Poe's own autograph. This volume later belonged to R. W. Griswold, Poe's editor, and is attested by him. In the copy of Bayard Taylor's *Poems* is one in manuscript written to Graham, which has never been published.

But if belles lettres was the pièce de résistance of Mr. Graham's literary food, he had many entrées

and removes as well to tempt the palate. Art, travel, biography, history, mythology, natural history, law, and book rarities or oddities are well represented. Indeed scarcely a subject within the intellectual range can be found unrepresented in this library. There are books every one has heard of, and books nobody has heard of; and while it is not possible to even mention a quarter of them, a few deserve special mention.

In the class of books known as "Americana," which is a broad mantle covering pretty much everything in relation to this country, is a nice copy of Campanius' "Description of New Sweden," or Pennsylvania, as it later became, published in 1702. A book of much rarity. Of nearly the same date is a copy of Lahontan's "*Nouveaux voyages*," a book chiefly valued for the Indian vocabularies, which are among the earliest ever prepared. A book printed by Franklin in 1734 is a nice specimen of the work of a man who was prouder of being a printer than he was of being an ambassador. And here we must diverge from the books for a moment, to speak, in this connection, of one of the gems of the collection: A series of autograph letters of Franklin to Francis Childs, the New York printer. It is not generally known that Franklin while at Paris, as recreation from his diplomatic duties, set up a small type foundry and printing office, in which he cast type, and printed little pamphlets for his own amusement. When he returned to America in 1785, he brought this outfit with him and sold it to Francis Childs. These letters, twelve in number, are Frank-

lin's letters to Childs concerning this sale. Only two have ever yet been printed. The volume also contains two fine letters of John Jay to Childs. Returning to the books we find the first edition of Franklin's famous Autobiography, probably the most read book of American writing. Of equal interest is a volume in French, although the title, "*Mémoire contenant le précis des faits,*" conceals the fact, while pretending to give it; for by this volume there hangs a tale. In 1754, Virginia, alarmed at the French occupation of the valley of the Ohio, sent a young officer, with a small body of men, to dispossess the French. They stole upon the intruders by night, fired on them, and drove away those they did not kill. There can be little doubt that the intention was to precipitate a war between France and England, and it quickly produced it. The French in turn retaliated, and captured the Virginians, and as part of the prize of war, the journal of this young officer. Nations at that time went to war without justification, but were therefore doubly anxious to justify themselves; and the French prepared this volume to prove how wronged they had been, and printed as evidence thereto the journal of this young officer, charging that this night attack, when the two countries were at peace, was absolute murder. That young officer was Major Washington, or as it is printed in this French journal, "Wasinghton," and this French translation is the only form in which that journal exists. Perhaps an even more curious incident connected with this matter was later added during the Revolution; for when France came to our

assistance in 1778, one of her reasons for declaring war against England, as printed in her *Mémoire justificatif*, was this so-called "assassination" committed twenty-four years before by the Washington to whose assistance she was about to lend her aid. Another curious bit of Washingtoniana is a copy of the so-called forged letters, written by Washington's old friend, John Randolph, in the hopes to destroy public confidence in him, first printed in 1776, and later vamped for political purposes in the party heats of 1796.

Worthy of passing notice are nice copies of that extraordinary publication called the *Newgate Calendar*; and a work in nine volumes, entitled the *Royal Register*, devoted to the scandals and filths of the English aristocracy of the eighteenth century—a book that Jefferson advised putting into the hands of American youth, in order that their minds should be trained to favor republicanism, never apparently considering how their morals would fare. In this class, too, it is perhaps proper to speak of a rare Venetian edition of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, a little reading of which might have convinced the famous democrat that vice does not exist solely among aristocrats, nor virtue depend upon forms of government.

The library is exceptionally strong in illustrated books. Many of these relate to art, including such works as the Royal Gallery of British Art, the plates of which are proofs before letter; The Pitti Gallery, the Florence, Munich, and others of the famous European galleries, besides many biographies of artists.

Nearly all the works are of much rarity and value. More unusual still are such works as D'Agincourt's *Storia dell'Arte*; Gozzini's *Monuments Sépulcraux de la Toscane*; Hamilton's *Antiquités Étrusques, Greques et Romaines*; Bossuit's *Cabinet de L'Art*; Nicolas' *Orders of Knighthood*; Strutt's *Regal and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of England*; De Rubeis' *Insigniores Statuarum Urbis Romæ Icones*; Miller's *Costumes*; and the *Coronation of George IV*. In another branch of illustrated books are copies of the works of Hogarth, three books with illustrations by Rowlandson, several with those by Cruikshank, and four with illustrations by Doré. A charming little *Book of Hours*, with miniatures, is also worthy of notice.

Kindred to this last are quite a series of what are known as specially illustrated books, which means that prints, photographs, or autographs, illustrating the text of a certain book, have been gathered and inserted. This seems to have been one of Mr. Graham's favorite pastimes, and the result is in many cases books of great beauty, which indicate much time and labor spent upon them. In this class we find a volume known as the *Irving Memorial*, containing autographs of Irving and several of his contemporaries. Still more elaborate is a large paper copy of Irving's *Life of Washington*, in which is inserted, besides many portraits, a whole chapter of the original manuscript of the book, and autograph letters of Irving, Washington, Franklin, Gage, General Ward, John Adams, General Thomas, Burgoyne, Howe, Mercy Warren, Roger Sherman, E. Everett,



Jonathan Trumbull, Gates, Robert Morris, Benedict Arnold, Hamilton, Kosciusko, Rochambeau, Cornwallis, Steuben, Rembrandt Peale, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Charles Carroll, Monroe, Carleton and Aaron Burr. A copy of *The Illustrations of Stratford on Avon and the Life of Shakspeare* is enriched by 131 engraved portraits of Shakespeare, among which are rare plates from the burin of Bartolozzi and Vertue, besides other prints. A copy of R. H. Stoddard's *Loves and Heroines of the Poets*, besides many portraits, has the original manuscript bound with it. Especially interesting to this club is a copy of the *Bryant Century Memorial*. In this is inserted many illustrations and nearly the whole of the original papers contributed to the meeting, including poems, letters, or addresses, of practically every literary man of Bryant's time. In addition there are specially illustrated copies of Franklin's *Letters*; Moore's *The Treason of Charles Lee*; Bailey's *Records of Patriotism*; Collet's *Relics of Literature*; *The Eccentricities of Literature*; Bartlett's *The Pilgrim Fathers*; and Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

Mr. Graham, however, carried his love of illustrations even further. Not content with inserting plates in printed works, he gathered series, and bound them so as to form them into books. The most remarkable of these is his collection of the portraits of Napoleon, bound in seven folio volumes, which contain nearly a thousand different portraits, ranging from those in classic and heroic style to the coarse caricatures of Gilpin and Rowlandson. Far more beautiful is a volume of Bartolozzi's engravings—a collection

which could no more be formed to-day than could a complete set of the original quartos of Shakespeare, and which is as beautiful as it is rare. A volume representing the ultimate of one form of illustration, for these plates, from the designs of Cipriani, Angelica Kauffman, Joshua Reynolds, and others, engraved by Bartolozzi, have never been equalled in stipple engraving. Another series of value is a miscellaneous collection of portraits, bound in twenty-one volumes, and comprising about four thousand plates. Few are not rare, and many are proofs before letter, or proofs on India or Japan paper.

Another volume built up in this way is a series of the old broadside ballads, formerly hawked about in London, and sold at a ha'penny each. Nearly two hundred of these have been brought together; and here we have the original editions of many famous songs, such as "Hearts of Oak," "Black-eyed Susan," "Bonny Kate," etc. No authorship is ever given, but David Garrick, Charles Dibdin and Tom Moore are recognizable, and probably other equally famous song-writers.

A variation of these specially made books consists in three volumes of autograph letters. Two of these are devoted to the drama and include letters of Tate Wilkinson; C. Macklin; Garrick; Palmer; T. King; Miss Pope; G. F. Cooke; Mrs. Siddons; Charles, Philip and Fanny Kemble; Miss Neilson; Miss Jordan; Macready; Talma; Grimaldi; Charles Mathews; Mme. Vestris; Tyrone Powers; J. W. Wallack; Charles and Edmund Kean; Charlotte Cushman; Ristori, and Grisi. With these autographs are nearly

always several portraits of each actor, and often play bills and other germane matter. The third volume is devoted to the autographs of celebrities, including among others fine letters of Carlyle; Brougham; Bulwer; Byron; T. Campbell; Charles I.; Cruikshank; Dickens; Fox; Hume; Landseer; Jenny Lind; Macaulay; T. Moore; Nelson; Palmerston; Peel; Pitt; Scott; Tennyson; Thackeray; Wellington; Wilberforce; Wilkie, and Wordsworth. Portraits and biographical notes are generally added.

An interesting feature of the library is one already occasionally touched upon. Many of the books are either presentation copies from the author, or have belonged to famous personages, and contain their autographs. Besides those already mentioned are books with the names of Anthony Trollope: Adelaide Procter; Thackeray; Tom Moore; Hans Sloane; R. H. Stoddard; Lord Houghton; Wordsworth; Samuel Parr; Alaric Watts; Stedman; T. J. Mathias; Barry Cornwall; George A. Sala; Henry Kirke White; Samuel Rogers; Swinburne; Samuel Butler, and Horace Walpole.

This brings us to the crowning volume of the whole library, called "Ye Booke of ye Goode Fellowes." Such in truth it is. Friend after friend of Mr. Graham's has contributed to it. In New York, in Florence, in a dozen places, his guests have left memorials of the pleasant hours passed with their host. Here are poems by Bayard Taylor; C. P. Cranch; George H. Boker; E. C. Stedman; W. H. Huntington; Boughton; Lord Houghton; B. W. Procter (Barry Cornwall); Robert Browning; Longfellow;

T. B. Read; G. P. Marsh; Frances Trollope; W. H. Hurlbut; Ouida (de la Ramée); Emerson and Swinburne. Here are sentiments by Simonds; Booth; G. A. Sala; Worden; Sheridan; Meade; Lamartine; Charlotte Cushman; C. G. Leland; W. T. Sherman; McClellan, and Grant. Here are sketches by Hiram Powers; Holman Hunt, and F. E. Church; and music by Goldschmidt. Here are signatures of Gifford; Aldrich; Parke Godwin; Greenough; Bancroft, and Jenny Lind. A volume precious, both for its association with Mr. Graham, and for its contents.

Such in part is the Graham Library. I think its owner must have realized Pope's line:

"With wit well natured and with books well bred."

But whatever the man, I can vouch for his library, and declare that in books at least, its collector was, as the cannibal chief said of the missionary, "a man of most excellent taste."

I have seen many libraries, brought together with love, knowledge, and labor, dispersed in bookshops or auction rooms; and even when such dispersion has enabled me to fill gaps upon my own shelves, I have nevertheless felt a pang to see such a fate come to them. I have already spoken of the personality which to me every library acquires from its owner; and it seems as if, when a library is scattered, there is a suggestion of murder in the destruction of this personality. The material survives in each book, but the spirit that dominated the whole is destroyed; and what is left—what stands upon the shelves in the book-shop or falls under the auctioneer's hammer

—is little different from the mess pork or any other bit of commercialism which is daily bartered on exchanges. And therefore it is a happiness to me, as it must be to all of us, that I am not standing here to-night, crying the last bid upon these books; but that I am trying to describe the memorial that Mr. Graham has reared to himself. It is a pleasure that his love and labor in them is not to be turned into dollars and cents. That they are to rest here among his old friends and companions; and that even when they, like him, have passed away, the books will still remain among those, one with him in spirit, who will understand and be kin to him, and to his books, even though having never known him. Truly we can believe him thinking, when he framed the words that gave these books to us, of Herrick's lines:

“Go thou forth, my book ; though late,  
Yet be timely fortunate.  
It may chance good luck may send  
Thee a kinsman or a friend,  
That may harbor thee, when I  
With my fates neglected lie.”

I think Mr. Graham's books have come among friends, and so long as they remain with us, so long will his name be remembered by our members with honor and love.

At the close of Mr. Ford's paper Mr. Richard H. Stoddard said:

GENTLEMEN:—Since I have been sitting here, listening to what has been said of Mr. Graham, I

have been reminded of the opening lines of one of Shakespeare's sonnets:

“ When to the sessions of sweet, silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,”

and I have fancied myself more than thirty years younger than I am. If my memory is to be trusted, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Graham in the late spring, or early summer, of 1859. My friend of ten years' standing, Bayard Taylor, and I were living together at that time in East Thirteenth Street, when I received a letter from a gentleman whom I did not know, and who signed himself “James Lorimer Graham, Jr.” I waited a few days before answering, which I did one evening by calling on Mr. Graham, at the address indicated in his letter. It was on the north side of Washington Square, east of Fifth Avenue. I was shown up to his room, on the second floor, and was met by him as I crossed the threshold of the door, which he opened. “I am Mr. Stoddard, whom you wanted to see,” I said. “And I am Mr. Graham, whom I wanted you to know,” he answered; “that is, if you don't object.” We shook hands, and sat down beside a table, on which there were pens, ink and books. It was the library of the home of Mr. Graham's father-in-law, Mr. Garner, who, if not bookish himself (though he may have been for aught I know to the contrary), was not averse from reading. What Mr. Graham and I found to say to each other at our first meeting I have forgotten, though it must have been something about books, for he was already a collector. I know we chatted about literature and

art, about Taylor, with whose poetry he was familiar, and about some of our common friends, members of the National Academy, Sanford Gifford, Jervis McEntee, and the Harts. Further than this I do not remember, though I feel sure that the major-domo of the Garner mansion supplied us a little later with oysters and wine. This informal evening visit of mine was the prologue to an eight years' friendship between Mr. Graham and myself, between his people and my people. He and Taylor must have met shortly afterwards, for my next remembrance of Mr. Graham and myself includes Taylor and his wife, and my wife, and the acquaintances of both families. He was living now at Astoria, in a pleasant, rambling old house in sight of Blackwell's Island, with a lawn running down to the river's edge, where there was a bathing-house and two or three sail boats rising and falling with the tide. We passed a merry Saturday night together, Taylor chatting of his lectures and travels, and the rest of us of less important matters. The next day we were driven about the neighborhood of Astoria, where we made a few formal calls on the relatives of Mr. Graham. There were more books here than in Washington Square, more pictures, mostly portraits of famous poets. I recall the Chandos head of Shakespeare above a piano, a music-stand, and possibly a guitar. Mr. Graham had by this time become "Lorry" and his good wife "Josey." Precisely where Lorry spent the rest of that summer—the location of his house at Astoria, I mean—I have never been able to determine since. But every time

that I sail up the East River I fancy I recognize his house, and I certainly see himself and his friends in its spacious chambers, and I find myself repeating the melancholy lines of dear Charles Lamb:

"I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking deep, sitting late, with my bosom cronies.  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

\* \* \* \* \*

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,  
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

My next recollections of Lorry Graham place him again in Washington Square, but further from Broadway, west of Fifth Avenue, in the house which was then occupied by his uncle, James Lorimer Graham. It was a large, old-fashioned building, with a billiard-room in the lower story, facing the open, green Square, and on the floor above, back of the parlor and reception room, there was a gallery, containing several real or supposititious old masters, among them an *Ecce Homo*, which was reputed to be by Vandyke. Lorry was fond of pictures, and his artist acquaintances found that fondness of his profitable; for if he saw a sketch in their studio that took his fancy, he purchased it, and sent it to some one who he thought would care for it. His library increased in the space it occupied, and in the value and rarity of the volumes on its shelves. He haunted the old book-shops down town, and when I could



spare an hour or two I went with him. I soon learned, however, not to fancy a book when in his company, for to fancy it was to have it sent to my rooms. I knew the special lines in which he was then collecting, and often had books kept for him by the dealers. I have not yet been able to examine his noble bequest to The Century, and I almost fear to do so, lest I miss some of the treasures which I know that he possessed before his departure for Italy. One of Mr. Graham's traits was that I must know the friends he had met in Europe, and when they came to this country he used to fetch them to see me on the very day they arrived. He brought to my room the night that he landed in New York Mr. George Augustus Sala, who visited us during our great Civil War, as the correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, and whose views concerning that internecine struggle were not agreeable to some of us. He also brought on another evening another bold Briton, who, under the pen-name of Arthur Sketchley, wrote cockney stories about a Mrs. Brown, who was related, if my memory is not at fault, to Douglas Jerrold's Mrs. Caudle. It was through Lorry that I enjoyed the honor of meeting Mr. Paul Morphy, the eminent master of chess, with whom he used to play blindfold games, and the greater distinction of knowing Mr. Edwin Booth. There was nothing which I could do for my friend, except to be his friend (as I was always), to be grateful for his kindness to me, and his forbearance with my faults, and to acknowledge and remember his generous disposition. He was a princely gentleman.

Gentlemen, I forgot one thing in connection with Mr. Graham until I was reminded of it by the pleasant talk of my good friend Stedman, and that was that Mr. Graham had a "Booke of Goode Fellowes," wherein, temerariouly representing the guild, I had written a little doggerel verse. He was kind enough to read it, and it was not so bad as I feared it would be. The momentary revival of this performance brought back to my mind two sonnets, which I wrote in copies of Shakespeare's Sonnets that I gave Graham as Christmas tokens of my regard for him. With your permission I will read the first of these trifles. It is not, as you will perceive, a true sonnet, but a Shakespearean quatorzain.

TO JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, JR.

What can I give him, who so much hath given,  
 That princely heart, so over-kind to me,  
 Who, richly guerdoned both of earth and heaven,  
 Holds for his friends his heritage in fee?  
 No costly trinket of the golden ore,  
 No precious jewel of the distant Ind.  
 Ay me! These are not hoarded in my store,  
 Who have no coffers save my grateful mind.  
 What gift then—nothing? Stay, this Book of Song  
 May show my poverty and thy desert,  
 Steeped, as it is in love, and love's sweet wrong,  
 Rich with the blood that ran through Shakespeare's heart.  
 Read it once more, and fancy soaring free,  
 Think, if thou canst, that I am singing Thee.

(*Christmas Eve, 1863.*)

This sonnet, and the book which contained it, Graham mislaid in removing from one house to an-

other, so I wrote him a second sonnet in a second copy of the same book.

Here it is:

TO JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, JR.

Now that the hallowed Christmas eve is near,  
 When we must meet, as we are wont to do,  
 I would give something, if but thanks, to you,  
 At least the beggar's blessing of a tear.  
 I made some verse for you a year ago,  
 Which you, in losing, rated at its worth :  
 Take it again, with this of later birth,  
 Scribbled, as that was, while my fire was low.  
 Let both remind you I have not forgot  
 What you and yours have done for me and mine :  
 The little one, who bears your honored name,  
 And she who shares in patience my hard lot :  
 Ah ! would I knew to frame the mighty line  
 Should blazon your worth, and make your kindness Fame!

*(Christmas Eve, 1865.)*

Mr. Stoddard was followed by Mr. Edmund C. Stedman.

Mr. Stedman said that his remarks would be quite informal; in fact, merely a prelude to some verse just recovered from the past—the lyrics read by Bayard Taylor and himself at a Supper given to Lorimer Graham before his departure for Europe. This came off at Delmonico's, Fourteenth Street, on the 16th of November, 1866. From twenty to twenty-five gentlemen were there, nearly all of them Centurions, the Committee in charge being Messrs. William Bond, C. P. Cranch, Bayard Taylor, R. H. Stoddard, Launt Thompson, and the present speaker. In addition to the lyrics in hand, poems

were also contributed by Cranch and Boker, but these were not so available for reproduction after the interval of twenty-eight years. Brief speeches in affectionate honor of Mr. Graham were made by the other guests. The evening was in some respects unique, and unforgettable.

Before going further, Mr. Stedman stated that the previous speakers had said what it was in his own heart to say, and to say with feeling, of Graham's delightful nature, of the relations between him and his friends, and of the absolute value of his attention to the younger New York writers and artists—especially to those who, "like myself, were then in need of congenial atmosphere and associations." To Lorimer Graham both Mr. Stoddard and himself owed their election to *The Century* in 1864, when its membership was restricted to a select four hundred. Mr. Bancroft then was President, and though we have seen that he too had made a reach for the laurel in his youth, "it was some years before the dear old gentleman quite made up his mind as to which of us 'was which,' for he usually addressed Mr. Stoddard as Mr. Stedderd, and me as Mr. Stodman."

The speaker then went on to read the following and hitherto unprinted poems. His own, he said, is recorded in *Ye Booke of Goode Fellowes*, so fortunately now possessed by *The Century*. It arrived long after the rest of the Graham Library, loyally transmitted, in time for this memorial, by Sr. Matteini and his late wife's American kinsfolk. Taylor's poem, *When He Departs*, besides expressing the

sincere feeling of a true and manly heart, was somewhat notable for its lyrical method, which anticipated the refrain and other effects now so common since the introduction of the “rondeau” and other “French poems” in verse.

#### WHEN HE DEPARTS.

##### I.

When he departs, whose sun-like glow  
 Has warmed our light, convivial air—  
 Whose music taught our own to flow—  
 Who gave our meetings grace so fair,  
 Should we not meet, as now, to greet  
 And pledge him in our heart of hearts ;  
 To stay with wine and song his feet,  
 When he departs ?

##### II.

When he departs, a gentle shade  
 Shall touch the mirth he loved to wake ;  
 The jest shall droop, the wit shall fade,  
 The wine in dimmer sparkles break :  
 Yet hours like these shall still appease,  
 With joy remembered, memory's smarts,  
 And keep him ours, o'er lands and seas,  
 When he departs !

##### III.

When he departs, we love him most  
 Who wins the love that wakes regret :  
 If wine were tears, we still should toast—  
 If wine were blood, we'd pledge him yet !  
 So warm and kind, he's linked and twined  
 With all that's fondest in our hearts,  
 And firmer friends he leaves behind  
 When he departs !

## IV.

When he departs—yet, ah ! the strain  
 But does our fervent feelings wrong :  
 Our hearts confess a tenderer pain  
 Than hovers round the lips of Song.  
 Delaying still, as he would will,  
 We'll check to-night the sigh that starts,  
 And one last cup of gladness fill  
 Ere he departs !

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Mr. Stedman followed with his own poem, remarking that it was in a different vein from that of Mr. Taylor's, to which it might serve as a foil. Of the twenty-four guests (including Mr. Graham) alluded to in the stanzas, fifteen already had passed away: Graham, Barker, Kensett, Lang, Gray, Cranch, Stansbury, Samuel Bowles, Gen. Wilson Barstow, Boker, Taylor, Curtis, Blodgett, Gen. C. B. Fisk, Field. Eight only were living: Donald G. Mitchell, Bond, Bierstadt, Hunt, Thompson, Stoddard, Dodge, and the author of these verses\*:

## AD GRAHAMUM ABEUNTEM.

Take, France, from whom we take so much  
 Of wisdom and of folly,  
 Take that which shall reward your clutch  
 And leave us melancholy !  
 Receive within your sunniest part,  
 Where life's ripe fruitage mellow,  
 This comrade boon of Song and Art  
 And peer of all Good Fellows.

---

\*Of these eight Messrs. Bierstadt, Bond, Dodge, Stoddard and Stedman, were of the present gathering.

Though at your envious bidding led  
 To leave us here regretful,  
 Your beauty cannot turn his head  
 Nor make his heart forgetful;  
 So, mind, we'd have you kindly treat,  
 Fair France, the lad we lend you,  
 And may he find your service sweet,  
 And may his love befriend you !

Our wits grow warmer for your wine,  
 But henceforth some could spare it,  
 While he's with you across the brine—  
 Not here with us to share it ;  
 See how the painters hang their heads,  
 The poets all are sorry,  
 And long to-night they'll shun their beds—  
 So loth to lose their Lorry.

Alack ! the years will run their race,  
 And we are waxing grayer,  
 But he shall have, in every place,  
 Our benison and prayer :  
 He'll be our toast in this good land,  
 We'll be his posset yonder :  
 No seas, that loosen hand from hand,  
 Shall keep our souls asunder.

But how the red, red wine shall pour,  
 And how the wit shall waken,  
 When, back from sunny France, once more  
 He claims his seat forsaken !  
 The word shall flit from mouth to mouth,  
 And every one I name me  
 Shall bring, from North or East or South,  
 His " Welcome Hame to Jamie ! "

Then Barker's handsome face will shine,  
 And Kensett's eyes will glisten,  
 And Lang shall sing our "Auld Lang Syne,"  
 And Gray the punch shall christen ;  
 Venetian Cranch again shall chant  
 The fate of "Little Billee,"  
 Perennial Stansbury descant  
 Upon his latest filly ;

And Bowles "Across the Continent"  
 Shall haste to share our glory,  
 And Barstow, ere the night be spent,  
 Shall tell his hundredth story ;  
 While Mitchell from his Sabine Farm  
 Will gently glide atween us,  
 With Virgil yet beneath his arm,  
 To greet returned Mæcenæ ;

And Bond shall bind again, as now,  
 Our circle-ends together,  
 And smooth his broad, judicial brow,  
 And make it sunny weather ;  
 Bierstadt will leave his artist-throne  
 Among the Hudson breezes,  
 And Hunt and Thompson, famous grown,  
 Their architraves and friezes ;

And Boker's laurelled head will loom  
 In mediæval splendor,  
 While Taylor's muse shall hush the room,  
 And Stoddard's true and tender :  
 Methinks the draughts they'll swallow up  
 Will strain each swollen kidney,  
 While Curtis won't refuse his cup—  
 For once unlike his Sidney.



There's courtly Blodgett will be here  
 And Fisk will share our rations,  
 And Dodge—I hold his virtues dear  
 As though we wern't relations!  
 And, if to send a greeting back  
 To France our hearts desire,  
 Undaunted Field we shall not lack  
 Nor Field's immortal wire.

Even thus may Heaven keep us all,  
 Each young and elder brother,  
 Through weal and woe—whate'er befall—  
 To make this night another!  
 And should Fate clip his dull career  
 Who reads these wanton numbers,  
 Be sure his spirit's with you here  
 Altho' his body slumbers.

Then gently, France, receive your guest;  
 Bright be your ways before him,  
 And to these portals of the West  
 In his own time restore him.  
 Free float the ship, with no rude gales,  
 No evil sprites retarding—  
 But favoring zephyrs fill her sails,  
 With all good angels guarding!

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

Before the adjournment of the meeting Mr. William E. Dodge expressed the desire of those present, that the papers and remarks to which they had listened should be printed in such form that they could be preserved in the records of The Century and by its members; and an announcement was made that this had already been determined on by the Board of Managers.









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